

State Normal Magazine

Vol. 21

FEBRUARY, 1917

No. 5

CONTENTS

	Page
MOODS (Poem)—Mary Gordon, '18, Adelpgian	120
MARY ANNE (Story)—Sadie Fristoe, '17, Cornelian	121
MY FIRST (Verse)—Florine Rawlins, '18, Adelpgian	122
REVOLUTIONARY LEADERS OF NORTH CAROLINA (Book Review)— Juanita McDougald, '17, Cornelian	123
DIAGNOSIS (Story)—Laura Linn Wiley, '18, Adelpgian	125
CONTRADICTION (Verse)—Caroline L. Goforth, '17, Cornelian	126
THE IONIAN ISLANDS (Story)—Eliza Collins, '18, Adelpgian	127
FEBRUARY (Poem)—Margaret H. George, '18, Cornelian	128
TIME TO KNOCK DE SKORPINS DOWN —Linnie Albright, '19, Cornelian	129
GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN (Story)—Lois Wilson, '20, Cornelian	130
'HEARTS AND FLOWERS' (Story)—Elizabeth Rountree, '18, Adelpgian	131
SPRING'S VALENTINE (Verse)—Margaret Blythe, '17, Adelpgian	132
EDITORIAL—	
Respectability—Copied	133
Ver Libre—C. G., Cornelian	133
Your Day—M. G., Cornelian	133
Summer Camp—M. B., Adelpgian	134
What Will People Say—E. A. C., Adelpgian	134
THE SHELL (Poem)—Eleanor Robertson, '18, Adelpgian	135
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT —Carrie Goforth, Juanita McDougald	136
NORMAL SPECIALS —Eliza Collins, '18, Adelpgian	138
BULLETIN BOARD—	
Student Government Notes	139
At Chapel	140
John Spargo	140
Cornelian Society	141
Adelpgian Society	141
The Party	142
Dr. Wiley at the Normal	142
Y. W. C. A.	143
Athletic News	143
PLANTIN' TIME (Verse)—Margaret George, '18, Cornelian	144
ORGANIZATIONS	145
ADVERTISEMENTS	

Moods

MARY GORDON, '18, ADELPHIAN

Gray mists of early morning
Aflame with the glow of the rising sun,
The sun-diamond's glitter on the spray,
And the dew-pearl's glimmer in the rose,—
Ah, then my heart is like the little troubadour's
That flutters just outside my window-ledge
And sings and sings!

A fleck of sunset cloud
Gleaming lonely in the western sky,
And then the silent paling of the sunset land
When evening shadows bring the trembling stars,—
Ah, then my heart is dumb with yearning
And the stifled feelings that stir within are tinged
With pensive longing!



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Mary Anne

SADIE FRISTOE, '17, CORNELIAN

Mary Anne wasn't much to look at. And Mary Anne knew it. How she envied ugly little girls in books who had red hair, freckles and a little turned up nose. She felt sure if she possessed such attributes she wouldn't feel ugly. How could anybody feel ugly or scared either with a little nose? But, alas, if you had a great big, spready nose, red hair and freckles, there wasn't much hope for you! Mary Anne knew, for she had one.

Now take Lizzie Blake, she had a little snuffy looking nose, she never forgot her piece on Fridays. She just stuck that little nose up as if she could say a whole book. But it made no difference if Mary Anne did throw back her head and try to look knowing, it just seemed to make everybody on the front seat look like they were sure she was forgetting. And, of course, Mary Anne forgot.

Poor little Mary Anne was just about ready to give up, when Miss Ellen came to take her teacher's place, who was sick. When Mary Anne, who was something of a fatalist, saw Miss Ellen, she felt so sorry for her. Poor thing. What an awful spready nose! When Miss Ellen got up to teach, Mary Anne looked down in her lap the way people did when she got up to recite. She just knew Miss Ellen couldn't talk; do you guess she would forget what was to come next and have

to sit down? Mary Anne shivered at the thought.

But presently Mary Anne ventured to listen, and soon she forgot about Miss Ellen's nose, for she felt she was having a regular picnic away over in India. So it was in history and the arithmetic lesson even was almost as nice.

Soon Mary Anne grew to love Miss Ellen. And the more she loved her the more she wondered how Miss Ellen could be so nice and sweet and do everything so well with that old nose.

Then came the time for Mary Anne to recite again. So many people were there! So many would look down when she forgot! Slowly the other girls said their pieces and then came her turn. Somehow or other Mary Anne got up on the platform, and somehow she began. She did very well as long as she looked squarely up at the ceiling, but somebody snickered and Mary Anne looked at the people in front. As she did everybody either looked out the window or down at the point of their shoes. Oh, what was the next word? She couldn't think, but she did want to show those people she could say it.

All of a sudden she saw one face looking straight at her. It was Miss Ellen. As she saw Mary Anne look at her, she smiled as if to say, "I know you can say it, Mary Anne." Like a

flash the word came back and Mary Anne waded through, for the first time, in many, many Fridays.

Outside in the cloak room she buried her face in her coat and just purely wailed. Miss Ellen heard her and ran quickly to see what was the matter. She put her hand lovingly on the poor shaking little shoulder, and when she got no response, she took Mary

Anne in her lap. "Why, what's the matter, child?" And Miss Ellen wiped the tears from Mary Ellen's eyes.

"Oh, Miss Ellen, Miss Ellen," sobbed Mary Anne, "I blamed it on my nose, and if it hadn't been for yours being so big and shiny, I couldn't ever have seen it and I could not have said it through."

My First

FLORINE RAWLINS, '18, ADELPHIAN

'Twas just a yellow paper heart,
 But dearer far to me
 Than any artist's tinted card,
 Or costly gift could be;
 It's shape was cut with childish care
 And just a simple line
 Was scrawled thereon with crayon red—
 "Please be my valentine."

Though many years have passed away,
 E'en now it holds a place
 In memory's realm and fancy's play
 Which time can ne'er erase.
 And oft I wonder if the joy,
 Which now our lives entwines
 Didn't begin with just that heart,
 My first of valentines!

"Revolutionary Leaders of North Carolina"

JUANITA McDOUGALD, CORNELIAN

[North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College Historical Publications. Number II. By R. D. W. Connor, Secretary North Carolina Historical Commission and Lecturer on North Carolina history at the State Normal College. Issued under the direction of the Department of History, 1916. W. C. Jackson, Editor.]

Recently there appeared in the Greensboro Daily News a very pertinent review of the latest publication of Normal College History Department, *Revolutionary Leaders of North Carolina*, by W. K. Boyd, professor of history at Trinity College. Mr. Boyd takes the position, and rightly so, we think, that such publications, by fostering cause of state history, contribute to scholarship. We see the results of such a movement in the Historical Papers of Trinity College Historical Society, founded in 1897, the University James Sprunt Monographs begun in 1900, and our own publications issued under direction of the department of history first in 1914. The value of these has been three-fold—stimulation of general interest in the state history, by scattering knowledge more broadly, promotion of thought investigation and writing along these lines, and the closer union of college and public life.

Revolutionary Leaders of North Carolina is up to Mr. Connor's usual standard. Says Mr. Boyd: "It deserves a high place in the state's historiography." While it, as the title suggests, is an individual biography, yet we find a biography of the state. It presents with dignity born only of simplicity "large movements of epochal significance through the lives of individuals." From this standpoint it is truly an interesting and unique history. Many years ago his-

tory was a mere catalogue of notable achievements, and the pendulum swung to the other extreme in laying emphasis on the institutional, economic, and political elements. But Mr. Connor has pursued neither of these courses to the exclusion of the other.

In a brief preliminary discussion he places and arranges the scenery for the presentation of a four act drama covering the period of North Carolina history from 1765 to 1790, in which North Carolina assumed her share of the burden of the contest for the preservation of the principle on which our republic is founded. John Harvey, "fanning the spirit of revolt," appears as leading man in the first act, "the excitement and organization of the people for Revolution." In the second act Cornelius Harnett succeeds him as the moving spirit in "the development of the sentiment for independence." Richard Caswell is the center of third in influencing "the adoption of the constitution and inauguration of the independent state government." The grand climax is reached in the fourth with Samuel Johnston in the foreground of "the ratification of the Federal constitution and formation of the American union." So successfully has the author portrayed the times and these men that "the res publica which they so ably served becomes their own eulogy, and yet record of personal achievement is omitted.

Mr. Connor is fitted for this particular work in several ways. In the first place, the Revolutionary period for him holds many attractions and great interest, as his entertaining man-

ner of lecturing and writing shows. The readers will recall that he has had several articles in print on some phase of this subject, and that his "Cornelius Harnett" won the Patterson cup a few years ago. In the second place, he had command of many unused sources of information, as the Boston Evening Post, the South Carolina Gazette, and Collections of Massachusetts Historical Society. In the third place he evidences true impartiality. We recall his relation of the famous dispute of Johnston, the leader of the conservative party, and Willie Jones, the leader of the radicals, concerning union with the other colonies. Jones' "political hobgoblins" were the expression of the sentiment of the times, and it was well that there was present in the political life of the newly-declared freedom a wise, level-headed guiding force—Samuel Johnston. At the close of this excellent paper we would quote right heartily Tennyson's "Patriot Statesman," with the author.

"O Patriot Statesman, be thou wise
to know
The limits of resistance, and the
bounds

Determining concession; still be
bold,
Not only to slight praise, but suffer
scorn;
And be thy heart a fortune to main-
tain
The day against the moment, and the
year
Against the day; thy voice, a music
heard
Thro' all the yells and counter yells
of feud
And faction, and thy will, a power
to make
This ever-changing world of circum-
stance
In changing, chime to never-chang-
ing Law."

Mr. Boyd has offered two suggestions which might add to the accuracy and interest to the account. The movement of revolt actually found birth in the dissensions of the colony and the Crown as early as 1728. Many live issues of 1776-1789 have been omitted—the currency, prescription of the Royalists, and policy toward Western States. To the average reader, to the student and teacher of history, to the lecturer goes, there could be found, however, no more interestingly written and accurate account of this absorbingly interesting period of history.

Diagnosis

LAURA LINN WILEY, '18, ADELPHIAN

Dr. Dosem hung up the receiver with an angry jerk, contrary to the saying that a doctor is most annoyed when he is out of patients.

"Well," he said, turning to his new assistant, "Just as I expected! We'll have to put our little party off another night. Old Mrs. Immerail has seen fit to have another spell. We'd better go right away. Sometimes she's pretty sick. Hurry up with my medicine case!" This last was addressed to the office boy.

Dr. Cillewall, the new assistant, was fresh from the country, green and impressionable as the first tender leaves of spring. He was studying under Dr. Dosem and getting some practical knowledge of the medical profession. He watched every move his instructor made and witnessed the usual administering of medicine and dressing of wounds with wide-eyed wonder, taking it all in. He was actually beginning to learn many useful things, such as how to stop a sneeze; how to apply court plaster; and how to remove cinders and splinters. He was delighted at the idea of going with Dr. Dosem to see Mrs. Immerail.

It was only a short ride to the invalid's home. On arriving they were met by the daughter who immediately explained to them the nature of her mother's illness. Old Mrs. Immerail was suffering from a peculiar malady. Dr. Cillewall watched the other physician carefully as he took the old lady's temperature and felt her pulse. Dr. Dosem hesitated a few minutes, not being able to tell just what had caused the trouble; but suddenly spying a plate of clam shells under the bed, he exclaimed:

"Aha! I see, my dear lady, you have been eating too many clams. I see the shells under your bed. You know I warned you." (Doctor Cillewall took all this in.) "Well, here's a prescription that will fix you up. I will call in the morning." And with a few directions, the doctors left.

It was only a few days later that Dr. Cillewall was "holding down" the office alone. The telephone bell rang. A frantic voice at the other end said something about "Pa, he's havin' fits! Please come quick, quick!" After some effort Dr. Cillewall learned the name of the one in distress and assured her that somebody would come right away; but who would come, he thought, as he hung up the receiver. He felt lost; he had never seen anybody having fits except old Mrs. Immerail, and Dr. Dosem had said that hers was a very mild one. O, why didn't Dr. Dosem come in! But he didn't. The heroic assistant picked up a collection of bottles and other medical utensils, stuck them in a satchel and started out on a run.

When he arrived at his destination, the whole family met him at the door, each one trying to tell him about "Pa." The house was so small that the addition of Dr. Cillewall made it really overcrowded. He was beginning to gain courage, but the minute he was shown into the sick man's room he lost it. If the law of "survival of the fittest" is true, then certainly old man Throwit would live to a ripe old age. He was bouncing up and down on the bed and throwing any available object at anyone who dared approach him. When he saw Dr. Cillewall, he jumped from the covers and

started after him on all fours. It took six people to replace him. The frightened doctor gave up the hope immediately of taking his temperature or anything else that belonged to him. He had cherished fond hopes of feeling his pulse, but these vanished also.

The patient, however, did begin to quiet down at the sight of the numerous knives and instruments of torture that the would-be physician had brought. In five minutes the old man was all right, but not because of anything Dr. Cillewall had done for him. The fit had simply run its course and he was restored to his normal senses

again. Remembering the visit of Mrs. Immerail, the doctor began looking around under the bed for some source of the trouble. Mr. Throwit was feeling well enough to get up by now and started to rise, but Dr. Cillewall pushed him back. At the same time a gleam of enlightenment lit up his face. "Aha!" he exclaimed, "I have it! You have been eating too much horse. I see the saddle under your bed!"

A few minutes later the honorable doctor found himself in the middle of the road with the contents of his beloved medicine case scattered around him.

Contradiction

CAROLINE L. GOFORTH, '17, CORNELIAN

The soul of me
Is a tumultuous sea
That roars and lashes on a rocky shore
And tears to tatters the world's lofty ships,
Nor spares one single beam,
So very fierce the soul of me doth seem.

The soul of me
Is a wide-spreading lea
That basks it in the sunshine and is warm,
That gives forth from its rich fertility vast wealth
And blesses all mankind,
So generous the soul of me I find.

The Ionian Islands

ELIZA COLLINS, '18, ADELPHIAN

He was fourteen and desperate. The cause of such youthful desperation was a highly colored and equally highly misleading map of the world, which was now spread out before him. Exactly one week ago today he had resolved to do the dark deed and his unsuspecting school teacher was the cause of this resolution. She had, very unreasonably he thought, demanded that he become familiar enough with the map of the world to locate minute places, never before heard of, such as the Ionian Islands. After much hard labor he had located the Ionian Islands and now, he thought, it would be the irony of fate for the Ionian Islands to serve as his haven of refuge from insistent geography teachers and the like.

He thoughtfully chewed a straw as he climbed down from the barrel on which he had perched for the purpose of perusing the much despised map of the world. As he slowly walked out of the barn his mind was deeply engrossed in the subject of getting away by moonlight, for, of course, they always did that in books. Stopping only long enough to fill his pockets with doughnuts, he proceeded to his room there to complete his runaway plans.

In the meanwhile the desperate one's father had discovered the highly colored map and had, perhaps from former experiences, deduced a conclusion. But as a wise father well versed in the ways of desperate fourteen-year-olds he kept his peace. But the wise parent had observed the getaway.

The scene was midnight and the

actors were two. The boy and his dog were hiking it in true runaway fashion down the dusty road. Once safely on the early morning freight train he could easily reach New York and then off to the Ionian Islands. Of course he might have sailed from his own little seaport town, but then, thought the boy, he could easily be traced by his father and the vindictive school teacher.

It was rather confusing, so many ships and so little money and a refractory dog. But all problems have a solution and this one was no exception. A kind captain, plentifully besprinkled with the proverbial brass buttons, was actually offering at this very minute a free trip to the Ionian Islands. Why? Because he liked boys; in fact, he remembered when he was one himself, and he didn't believe in discouraging an ambition so lofty as exploring the Ionian Islands. So the boy and his dog and his little amount of money found themselves being tossed about on the ocean. He wasn't seasick, for he had often gone on short sea trips at home. He was, however, homesick. He had plenty of time in the next few days to draw comparisons between home and the Ionian Islands. Would there be doughnuts, for instance, was one thought which gave him no little trouble. Finally, one day the kind captain informed him that land would be sighted tomorrow. Bright and early the next morning the boy, his little amount of money and the dog, straining at his rope, were on deck. Land was fast approaching, but instead of beholding cannibals, as he had expected, ordi-

nary church steeples seemed to be in evidence. As the boat drew near the harbor, surprise and either relief or indignation, it was hard to tell, were mingled on his face as he recognized his own home town with father and big brother waiting to welcome home the would be globe trotter.

February

MARGARET H. GEORGE, '18, CORNELIAN

Keen washed air,
One splotch of unmelted snow in a furrow near
the road full of frozen ruts,
A little wooded path,
The rustle of dry leaves, ankle deep,
The swish and crush and shiver of their shattering,
A shaft of dead sunshine on a gray tree trunk at the
side of the path,
And then in front of you, the white, white sun,
Defying, compelling and blinding your gaze.

Time to Knock de Skorpins Down

LINNIE ALBRIGHT, '19, CORNELIAN

W'en de grass blades goes to peepin'
 An' de birds begins dey cheepin',
 An' de willers kivers up in yaller fuz;
 W'en de skies gits kinder hazy,
 An' de dogs gits kinder lazy,
 Sho' a nigger kyarn be blamed for w'at 'e does.

Nem mine now erbout de croppin',
 T'ings on dis planashun's stoppin'
 Tell de washhous' has becum a gran' sweet song;
 Piccaninnies on de roof
 Grinnin' til' dey ain't a toof
 Dat yo' kyarn easy git yo' tweezers on.

Den de sleepers sta'ts ter shakin',
 An' de flo' boa'ds sta'ts ter quakin',
 An' de fiddlers an' de banjers sta'ts ter twang,
 Den de laudes' uv de niggers
 Goes ter callin' out de figgers,
 "Git yo' pa'tners fur de Georgie Rang Tang."

Den de gals' heels goes ter tappin',
 An' de coons' coats gits ter flappin',
 Ca'se de niggers' nathel 'ligion say dey mus',
 Tell de skorpins up de chim'ley
 Feel dey se'ves git kinder trim'ly
 An' dey falls down, conjured dead as nails f'om fuss.

—Niggers pack dey dim pink dresses
 All away in dey close presses
 Tell de time fur nex' year's plantin' comes eroun';
 Den at usual signicashuns
 Mars'r tell his whole plan'ashuns,
 "Ain' it time fer yo' to knock de skorpins down?"

Greater Love Hath No Man

LOIS WILSON, '20, CORNELIAN

"I wonder," pondered Robert Peterson, as he sat picking out cotton seeds, more than seventy-five years ago, "what makes me feel so strange and nervous tonight." While he was thinking, the awful fear that had haunted him for over a year, rushed upon him. He tried to push it back, reassuring himself, "It must be handling the cotton, but I've heard other people talk about that making them nervous, but it never affected me so before." Again the terrible dread of some approaching calamity almost overpowered him at the thought, "Anyway, that couldn't make it hard for me to swallow. Even the thought of water makes something tighten in my throat and I tremble all over. I must face the truth. I laughed at Mary's fears about the little scratch that mad dog gave me, over a year ago, but I knew then and I have felt ever since that I might have to suffer for it and now the time has come."

"Well, there's one thing certain. It won't do to tell Mary and the children. They will know soon enough." Another possibility came to him that made him bury his face in the soft cotton which he held, while great dry sobs abitated him. "When I go mad, I may hurt Mary and the children. I may cause them to go mad, too." His faithful wife's trusting eyes and the innocent baby faces of his children rose up in a mist before him and urged him on to think for their sakes. There must be a way to save them. Yes, there was a way, but he shrank from it in horror. Better that, though, than to be the cause of suffering and perhaps death to his dear wife and children! When he straightened

up his face shone with the pure light of a martyr's.

His determination having been made, he slipped out early the next morning, after a sleepless night. On his way out he stood by his wife and two little girls while his heart went out in silent farewell. He dared not touch them, for fear that they would wake and that he could not stick to his determination. Going by the barn he secured a lock and chain and disappeared in the thick woods behind the house.

When Mrs. Peterson awoke and found her husband gone, she thought at first that he had gone to work, but when the whole day passed without his return, she became somewhat anxious. After she had waited all night for him and he did not come she became thoroughly alarmed. The fact that one of the children became sick in the night increased her anxiety, for she could not leave the child to search for her husband. Three days, during which she saw no one, passed before she could get help for the search.

After a short time, one of the searching party returned and, in a very grave voice, told Mrs. Peterson that her husband had been found. From his face she saw that she must prepare herself for the worst. In an agonized voice she entreated him to take her to her husband. He refused and implored her not to go, but when he saw that she would not be denied, he turned and led her deep into the forest. There she saw her husband chained to a tree. The torn-up earth, the tree with its bark worn off and the lacerated flesh of the dead man, told the story of a fierce struggle. The madman had died a hero to save those he loved.

“Hearts and Flowers”

ELIZABETH ROUNTREE, '18, ADELPHIAN

Beta Theta Pie was giving its annual commencement dance. The entire lower floor was a bower of green, with here and there great baskets of gay flowers. Soft light fell on vari-colored shimmering costumes mingled with the severely cut black of masculine evening dress, while over all ruled the compelling melody of the dance.

Robert Engle, sophomore and sophisticated man of the world, loitered, bored, in the smoking room.

“Oh, I say, Jack,” he began to his companion, “All this makes me sick. A house full of silly girls that a fellow has to —,” he broke off, staring moodily into space. “I tell you I’m sick of the whole business. If there were anything new, anything that no one had ever done before! I’ve tried *everything* in this place, and there’s nothing worth while.” He leaned against the door jamb and stared down the hall into the crowd. There’s not a girl who is the least bit interesting—all silly, flossy, giggly and—hello! Who is that with—”.

His last words were lost to Jack Morrison, standing laughing in the doorway. But his last words are immaterial since it is our privilege to accompany him into the reception hall. He hurried after a tall, heavily built man, upon whose arm leaned a girl who seemed to him “a bit different.” As he followed them, he wondered what on earth had happened in the one short year of absence to change the woman hater, Oscar Temple, who had never looked twice at a woman before. Here he was tonight piloting around the best looking girl on the

floor and doing it as if he jolly well owned her! But he was not surprised after all, for that girl was luring even *him* from his listless contemplation of the tasteless game of life. The dainty bit of femininity at the big man’s side had in reality sadly disturbed the equanimity of this sated social lion. In his disturbed mental state he was trying madly to compose pretty speeches with which to win the fair one’s heart. What was all that rot they had tried to make him learn of Mrs. Browning’s? If he had that now. He confronted the pair as they were about to enter the ballroom.

“Oh, I say, Oscar,” he began, taking desperate hold of his self-possession as he felt the girl’s eyes fixed inquiringly upon him, “Sorry to interrupt, but there’s a hurry call for you on the ‘phone. The party wouldn’t—”

The other’s face grew pale; he started and swung around, but remembering, turned to his companion.

“Too bad to have to leave you, but Bob will substitute this dance for me. He’s not so nice as I am, but he’ll do until I get back. Evelyn, Mr. Engle.”

He bowed and hurried away as Mr. Robert Engle, outwardly calm, swung his treacherously acquired partner into the dance. He was too intoxicated with her nearness to speak, and so could only stare down on the top of her enchanting head. Small wonder is it then that when she suddenly raised the glory of her eyes and murmured something about his dancing, he nearly brought disaster upon them both. They tripped and lunged into the couple ahead, but he turned quickly enough to save them and laughed

foolishly when she said, "How stupid of them."

The music ceased and he led her to a table behind a bank of palms. A waiter brought them something cold and he spent the remainder of the evening telling her of himself. She admitted that her name was Evelyn—and—

"Everybody calls me that," she added, glancing down into her lap. At this his heart skipped a beat; he leaned forward.

"May I?" he breathed.

Before she could answer the waiter appeared.

"Beg pardon, sir," he stammered, "But Mr. Temple said that he must see the young lady right away. He's waiting just outside."

Evelyn jumped up flushing. "Goodness, but we have stayed ages, haven't we? It's been lovely here with you this evening. I shall remember it for ever so long!"

"Well," returned the other, "I should hope so! But why do you say that? There shall be other evenings. This one has been too short! Can't I come around some time?"

"Indeed, yes; we would be so glad to have you, after a few days, Oscar and I," she blushed. "You see, we are not definitely settled yet. We've just been home a week, but—" she looked out into the room now fast be-

ing emptied. "Ah, *there you are*, Oscar! I wondered what was keeping you away from *me* so long. Good-bye, Mr. Engle, and thanks for a pleasant evening."

She waved her hand lightly and disappeared and with her went out the bright candle that had burned for so short a time on the high altar of his heart. His soul was submerged in the utter darkness of despair. His ideal had failed him and he had only one course left. He would go. Yes, he would go down to the deep, cold, dark river and jump in. She would hear of it in the morning and perhaps would drop a few tears over his still face. Ah, yes, he would make her repent; he would show the world how faithless she had been.

With these dark thoughts surging through his brain, he passed into the smoking room to have one last cigar in the very room from which he had caught that first fatal glimpse of *her*, the glimpse that had drawn him from his philosophic contemplation of life once more to take a vital part in the doings of men. And it had all come to this! But it was over now; he had drunk the cup and the dregs were very bitter. Her face, through the smoke wreaths, grew dimmer and dimmer.

The waiter roused him for a late breakfast.

Spring's Valentine

MARGARET BLYTHE, '17, ADELPHIAN

A soft, blue sky, touched with scudding white

Waving willow tops—whispering green;

Sniffy brown earth bathed in mellow light

Of the sun after rain—a glistening sheen.

Then a flash of color, a burst of song,

A bit of red, on a willow bough, swaying,

Trilling of joy and of love, lifelong,

'Tis our gift from the South—Spring's Valentine.



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VOL. XXI

FEBRUARY, 1917

No. 5

RESPECTABILITY

Have you always been respected by
your neighbors?

Do they ask your advice on all impor-
tant matters?

Do they all speak well of you, and
point you out as a leading citizen,
and a pillar of society?

Has no one ever said that you were
beside yourself,

Or called you crazy, or a crank, or a
pestilent fellow?

Have you never been accused of asso-
ciating with publicans and sin-
ners, of stirring up the people, or
turning the world upside down?

In short, are you thoroughly respect-
able?

Then beware! You are on the down-
ward road;

You are in bad company.

Mend your ways, or you can claim no
kinship with the saints and heroes
which were before you.

[COPIED.]

It was in a county paper from one of
our mountain districts
VER LIBRE that I saw the best
illustration of that
type of poetry known as Ver Libre, I

have ever seen. Amy Lowell did not
write it, nor did masters, nor did any
of the recognized exponents of the new
poetry; in fact, I am sure none of
them ever saw or heard of it. I quote
it here. List all who will.

A poem of eighteen verses on the
cruel murder of Eliza Flesh will be
sent you on the receipt of *five cents*.

C. G.

Ah, your day! There's a different
feel in the air, a sort

YOUR DAY of zest and interest in
what it may bring
forth. The uncertainty of it sends
such a thrill over you that you have
gone through the inevitable unpleas-
antness of groveling for your shoes
and have them half on before you re-
member to don the appropriate wry
face and then it twists into a smile.
Freedom, 'tis a veritable alchemist, the
somewhat dubious morning seems all
pearl and gold and crystal. You
notice this subconsciously as you do
all material things; for your mind is
blithely busying itself in a thousand
plans for *your day*.

You may tramp in the woods with
a friend, a friend with whom you can

be silent, or a friend with whom you can throw away all semblance of dignity or sanity and rollick in primitive freedom, or you may walk with only the thousand impersonal yet piquant entities of the woods.

You may chat with an old book friend, a friend in shabby clothes perhaps and even, it may be, a friend not approved by canny righteous men. You may go a visiting and make the acquaintance of interesting appearing book strangers, idling casually or valiently pitting your will against theirs in a mad self-confident defiance, sure of the tonic of success; since yours is the last speech, there are no rebuttals and you are the sole judge. Thus you may read your whole day through, by your own hearth, in some sheltered outdoor nook or within the book lined walls and restful yet surcharged air of a library.

You may spend your day with people. You may walk among them, one with them in serious purpose, intent upon a common aim, feeling yourself only as a unit in an impersonal force, or aloof from them, studying each unit as a personality, battling with its surroundings or bound with them in conscious thoughtlessness, and give and take the little nothings which make up much of life.

Mayhap the conversation turns to matters of economics or science in which you have a special interest and you air your pet theories and prejudices and ignorances and, if a kindred spirit be present, wrangle in good fellowship, to your heart's content.

Thus, in the woods or with books or with men you may spend your day and yet again you may spend it in work. Work that has been crowded out on other people's days, work that will mean something to you either because of the interest and self expression it holds for you or because it will

lighten the other days to come. Some odds and ends caught up, something done ahead, what an opportunity *your day* offers for good self respecting leisurely work as opposed to the necessarily rushed work of other people's days of your life.

It is a mine of any riches you choose to make it—*your day*—come one in every seven.

M. G.

The members of the physical training department of our **SUMMER CAMP** college, Miss Haight and Miss McAllester, together with Miss Baxter, a former member of our faculty, have established a camp for girls in the western part of North Carolina. This camp—"Yoheeyo the Beautiful," is to be situated at Brevard, in the "Land of the Sky." The site of the camp is a beautiful farm on the banks of the French Broad River. The camp is located a short distance from the famous Connister Falls, Causaer Head and other places of interest. We understand the season of Camp Yoheeyo is from the twenty-first of June to the thirty-first of August, the age limit from ten to twenty-one. Tennis, basketball, swimming, folk dancing, tramping—these are some of the attractions that guarantee from any college girl at Yoheeyo a vacation in the fullest sense of the word. This camp is quite a feather in the cap of the Normal. It is hoped that every Normal girl will make an effort to advertise it.

M. B.

Public opinion has always been powerful, and will always **WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY** be powerful, but always listening to *what other people say* will lead to mere puppetry. We are prone to think of *what people will say* in every single thing we do, whether it be arranging our hair or planning our life career. We forget that every individual was put

on this earth for the purpose of living her own life, and not other people's lives. Why should we make ourselves appear ridiculous all because of *what other people say*? Let us first get self respect and then all other people's respect will be added unto our.

E. A. C.

The Shell

ELEANOR ROBERTSON, '18, ADELPHIAN

I hated her with the hatred of a lover;
I despised her with a loathing inexpressible;
She seemed to me the epitome of littleness;
From all great things a wilful, blind outcast;
An index to the things she might have been.

I looked at her with a pitying glance,
And suddenly I knew that I was wrong;
For in the depth of her eyes was a human kindness,
And on her lips there was the joy of song;
I searched her for the presence of power that could
 shape those around her
And found no excuse for her being;
I studied her with the zeal of a scientist,
And found only the common clay of life;
I walked with her in fellowship
And felt in her the pulse of common sympathy.
And now I am inclined to think of all those whom I hate
I only do not know them well enough.

Exchange Department

CARRIE GOFORTH

JUANITA McDUGALD

Greetings to you who come to visit us in January—the *University of North Carolina Magazine*, *Pine and Thistle*, the *Concept*, and the *Wellesley College Magazine*. And you who came to us in December, we invite you to come in nineteen-seventeen. We enjoyed you in nineteen-sixteen. The New Year numbers mentioned above are all good. Somewhere an exchange has said "several of our sister publications contain only light reading which afford mere pastime and entertainment. Others are filled with solid articles and orations which appeal only to a limited class of readers." We acknowledge the truth of this statement but we are glad to notice in the essays, editorials, and stories more and more tendency to deal with live, vital subjects. Especially is this true of the *Davidson*, *Trinity*, and the *University of North Carolina Magazines*. We think this speaks well for the general spirit of these colleges.

Essays and Editorials: We think the editorials in the *University Magazine* particularly good and like the spirit which prompts "one does not always have to peer over the neighbor's fence, to squint at his family tree before he tells the neighbor good-morning" in the "Art of Greeting." "Should One be Allowed to Sever His Connection with His Society" in the same magazine, and "Fraternity Evils" in the *Davidson* are interesting discussions, not because we know about your college life, but because we would like to know. Two strong essays "World Peace" and "The Common People" appeared in the December *Lenoirian*. In the *Sweet Briar* some

one struck the keynote of the dancing question when she says "Regulation of dancing is better than prohibition" in a timely and interestingly written discourse on "Development of Dancing in America." Appearing in the same magazine is a very thoughtfully presented discussion "Will the Spread of Women's Colleges Close the Doors of the Churches?" The writer solves the question affirmatively, but only with reference to the multi-denominational doors, showing that union will result. Other notable essays are "Christianity and Socialism" in the *Chimes*, and "Student Government" in the *Focus*.

Stories are good in the *Acorn*. In the *Pine and Thistle* "The Low Road" is a departure from the usual thing in basing story on economic circumstances. We do not think the theme of "The Morning of a Man" in the *Davidson* appropriate for the plot, but "The Lunatic" is promising. One of the best Christmas stories is "On Christmas Night" in *Sweet Briar*. "Her Charge" in the *Chimes* deserves mention. In the other magazines there is a lack of good stories—especially the *Lenoirian*.

The good poets of the different colleges appear to have gone on a strike. In a few we find some fairly good productions. We call attention to "A Dream," in the *Acorn*; "Stars," in *Pine and Thistle*; "Somebody's Mother," and "Southern Sea," in the *Davidson College Magazine*; and the delightful lyric, "Happiness," in the *Sweet Briar Magazine*. We suggest that the *University Magazine* as well as several others would be greatly

improved if more and better poetry were printed.

Decidedly the best sketches are found in the *Wellesley Magazine*—"Life's Physics Laboratory" and the philosophical "Why is a Cow?" The *Chimes* presents good ones, and "Umbrellas," in the *Hampton Chronicle* is very clever.

In the *Wellesley Magazine* we find three of the best book reviews—"Private Gaspard," Galsworthy's "A Sheaf," and Arnold Bennett's "The Lion's Share." The *Pine and Thistle* attempts a critical review of Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen." We think the reviewer needs a course in natural psychology.

In exchange we like Western Maryland and the Wesleyan method. We notice, too, that the *Acorn* acknowledges all exchanges. We like that too. This matter of exchanges brings to mind several things we would like to talk over with you all. Continually we hear the cry from various and

sundry sources for better material and more of it. We know that some colleges have solved this problem. Will you help those who have not? There are other ways, too. We ask you frankly for your honest criticism, pro and con. Will you give it to us?

The most attractively organized magazines are the *Hampton Chronicle*, the *Western Maryland*, and the *Chimes*. *St. Mary's Muse* devotes so much space to social life that there are only five pages left for literary. We cannot but wonder if this is truly a mirror of St. Mary's college life. In spite of this wondering we want you to know we thought the Christmas greetings were fine!

Other magazines on the table this month are the *College Message* and the *Wesleyan*. We receive a number of high school magazines. You are welcome *Gastonia High School*, the *Utopian*, *Black and Gold*, and the *Sage*. We do not wonder at the *Sage* being of such a high type since we have had a look at the board of editors.



ELIZA COLLINS, '18, ADELPHIAN

Dr. Hewlett: (on Physics)—“Miss Brown, will you tell us about *viscous* liquids?”

B. B. Brown: “I don’t seem to remember anything about *vicious* liquids.”

J. Connor: “I have a date to walk around aspiration this evening.”

Freshman, in despair: “Miss Moore, everything on my program inflicts; won’t you please help me straighten it out.”

E. Mc.: “Isn’t that *fool* moon tantalizing?”

Senior Teaching: “Mary, where was the magna charta signed?”

Training School Child: “Why King John signed it at the bottom.”

Teacher: (seeing the report of an *unknown* in chemistry). “What did you find?”

Pupil: “Potassium and a trace of ‘idiotic’ acid.”

Miss R.: “Who was Dryden?”

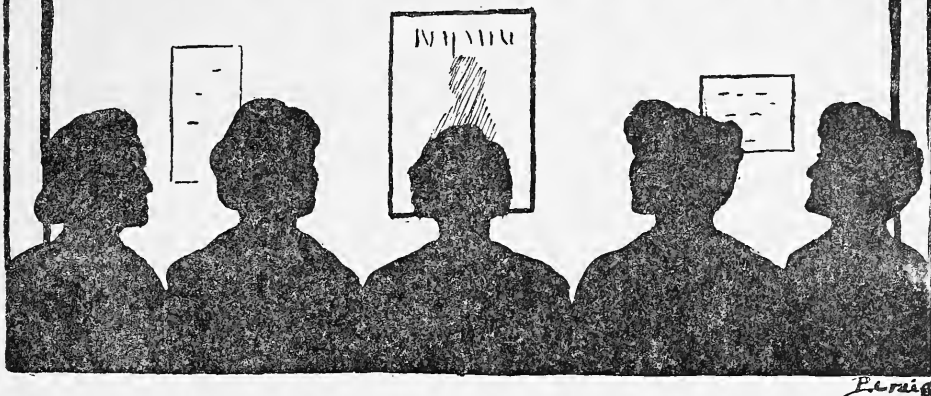
Soph.: “Sir Roger de Coverley’s coachman.”

Why use the expression “taking a study under a certain instructor?”

QUARANTINE

In the days of quarantine
We have often, often seen
Girls crowding the infirmary by the
score,
For while home, they had acquired
Germs that none of us admired
Such as measles, mumps, diphtheria
and more.
There are germs of every kind
Hung on every girl you find
On the campus or where e’er you
chance to fare.
Going to class is fraught with dangers,
We had better shun all strangers
And it’s often a mistake to breathe the
air.

BULLETIN BOARD



Student Government Notes

At our regular January mass meeting, besides the usual business and many interesting matters of student welfare including the thorough remodeling of the point system, the report from the Advisory Board proved most interesting. Miss Laura H. Coit, the secretary of the college, one of the early graduates and a woman whom as a member of the faculty and as a personal friend of the students is a very vital factor in our little community, told us of the founding and growth of that community. Miss Coit told us of the gifts of land, of the offers of different sections of the state, of the first enrollment of two hundred and twenty-five students at only eighty-eight dollars a year, of the founding of the societies and of the ideals with which the institution was started which, unlike everything else about the college, in its growth from an enrollment of two hundred and twenty-five to over seven hundred and its rise from a normal school to a standard college, have remained unchanged from their original breadth and depth of conception. Miss Coit took this occasion to congratulate the

student body on their strong, efficient, strength giving organization.

At an interesting call meeting of the student body the matter of a change in the name of our college was discussed. After many enthusiastic and able speeches, the name North Carolina State College was decided on as our choice to be submitted to the board of directors and through them to the legislature. The interest and enthusiasm of the students in matters concerning the welfare and reputation of the college as a public institution as well as in the capacity of their alma mater is a thing of which we may be justly proud.

On January 30th Dr. Foust told the student body of his plans for the institution and of the amount of money involved. He asked our co-operation in putting the matter before the legislature and it was remarkable good will and enthusiasm that everyone took up the spirit of "Pull together for the Normal." It is expected that individually and in organized groups, no little will be done for the growth and equipment of our college in the future by the students now here.

At Chapel

Our chapel exercises for the past month have been interesting and constructive. Dr. J. A. Lesh, Professor of Education, gave us a series of short and practical talks on the "Essential Elements of Character," during the week January 14th-20th, in which he emphasized truth, purity or indignation toward evil, service, the careful observance of moral laws, avoiding even the appearance of evil, and the living in the present to the extent of taking troubles singly as they come.

On January 23rd, Rev. R. Murphy Williams, of the Church of the Covenant was with us.

On January 24th, Mr. Littleton, in Greensboro in connection with a Training School for Christian Workers, spoke of the armor of the "Christian Warrior."

Mr. W. C. Smith, of the English Department, spoke to us on January 25th on the first four utterances of Jesus as recorded by John. Mr. Smith, always an interpreter of broad vision and deep sympathy brought us rest and cheer and courage by his simple and beautiful discussion.

Our musical programs on Friday have been very enjoyable during the past month. The pipe organ has just been completely renovated, being changed from pneumatic to electric movement, so it was with unusual pleasure that we heard an Intermezzo from Hollins, a prominent English organist, and the last movement in ———'s Sonata in D minor, played by Mr. G. Scott-Hunter. Miss Lulsdorf, a late addition to our music faculty, then sang "In My Father's

House Are Many Mansions," and our high expectations were more than realized in the sweetness and power of her voice. We feel that the community is indeed fortunate in having Miss Lulsdorf among us.

On January 26th, Miss Florine Rawlins, of the Junior class, sang an Aria from Handel's Oratorio, "Joshua," accompanied by Mr. G. Scott-Hunter on the pipe organ. The beauty and perfect control of Miss Rawlins' voice was accentuated by rare self-possession and naturalness.

Following Miss Rawlins' solo was a Consolation in E major, from Litz, one of six composed in a monastery at Rome. This was played by Miss Susan Green, also of the Junior class. Miss Green showed a fine appreciation of the work of this greatest of pianists in her shading and interpretation of the work.

Two short numbers, "My Soul," Carrie Jacobs Bond, and "The Brownies," were then sung by Miss Minnie B. Long, accompanied by Miss Katherine M. Severson. The diversity of themes in the two numbers gave wide range for interpretation and Miss Long, it was felt, did them ample justice.

The student body as a whole feel very grateful to the music department for these very delightful programs and venture to hope that the musically talented students of the college and the music faculty, who have so generously entertained us, will not grow weary of this much enjoyed custom.

John Spargo

The college was indeed fortunate on January 22nd, at the chapel hour in hearing an address by John Spargo,

one of the foremost exponents and interpreters of socialism of today. Mr. Spargo is a Welshman, a man who has

seen at first hand, all sides of living, and who has risen to the top as a thinker, speaker and reformer. Socialism, said Mr. Spargo, had suffered much from misconception and prejudice, but in reality, appealed not to passion, but to reason, was not a scheme worked out by a dissatisfied group who advocated its forced supplanting of the present system, but an inevitable stage in social evolution, foreseen, analysed and interpreted by the group called socialists. The practical program advocated might be phrased, he said, as "The collective or public ownership of all means of production, distribution and exchange."

He then explained or qualified this statement to mean only those means of production, distribution and exchange of a collectivist nature. This program, declared Mr. Spargo, would not interfere with competition where competition was desirable, nor would it encroach on rights of private property.

Mr. Spargo, being yet in the city on the following morning, gave a longer and more detailed discussion of the subject to the history and economic classes of the college, drawing application and illustration from all phases of modern industrial and national life.

Cornelian Society

An able discussion and sympathetic interpretation of one of the modern poets is indeed a rare treat and it was with unalloyed pleasure that the members of the Cornelian Literary Society heard Miss Eleanore Elliott, of the English Department, discuss Alfred Noyes on the evening of January 6th. As opposed to the brutal frankness, cynicism and scorn of ideals bred of the yearning for the novel in form and matter so evident in much of our modern literary expression, Alfred Noyes, said Miss Elliott, stands for big thoughts, simple expression

and the clear untainted vision and ideals of a child. He is the greatest of Kipling's disciples, it is acknowledged and is particularly fitted for the profession of the poet, by which he has for ten years made his living, by his power of rhythm, his word gift, his wide understanding and his simple faith in the spiritual possibilities of man. Illustrating these phases of Noyes' work, Miss Elliott read to us "The Barrel Organ," "The Rock Pool," "The Heart of Old Japan," "Slumber Songs of the Madonna," and parts of "Rank and File," "Sherwood," and others.

Adelphian Society

On the evening of January 21st, the Adelphians spent a very enjoyable hour at an informal tea. While tea and wafers were being served, a delightful program was rendered by several members of the Society. During the first part of the evening, the entertainment consisted of several musical selections. Miss Florine Rawlins sang in her usual attractive manner,

accompanied at the piano by Miss Susan Green. Misses Laura Linn Wiley and Dorothy Gill won great applause as they played on their mandolins many old southern melodies which ever remain dear to the heart. The program was brought to a close after Miss Nelle Robertson had charmingly told one of O. Henry's most interesting stories.

The Party

Our annual college party, following the midterm siege, took a novel and attractive form. Of course every one came masked, and the grand march was a combination of the beautiful, the fantastic, the ludicrous and the remarkable that formed a difficult problem for the judges of the costumes. The usual "take offs," faculty and student, were worked into a moving picture story, under the characteristically attractive title, "The Passing of Procrastination, or The Machinations of Miss Mary Moore." After the request that "Ladies Please Remove their Hats," had appeared upon the screen, followed by a number of college and city advertisements, the picture started with the scene of Miss Moore's despair over the number of tardies. A faculty council meeting was called about the matter and each member of the faculty, with characteristic gesture and mannerism, proposed a plan for the stopping of tardies. These plans were then worked out, each cleverly touching the individual traits of the faculty member impersonated, but each proving so disastrous that another solution was necessary. The next reels treated of

the students' attempts to solve the problem and here many individual students and organizations were good humoredly satirised. At least, when all other suggestions failed, the Student Government Association took up the matter. A mass meeting then ensued, at which, after many other student "take offs," Miss Goforth's suggestion appeared on the screen: "If the students were granted the long desired privilege of turning on their lights after light bell to chase rats out of their rooms, there would be no more trouble." After an exciting rat chase we see the results the next morning as Miss Moore and all the faculty are paralyzed by the prompt appearance at class of even the most calloused delinquent. Then—

"Passed by the National Board of Censorship."

Miss Hooks, as Dr. Foust; Miss Phillips, as Dr. Gudger; and Miss Swindell, as Mr. Forney, were among the cleverest faculty "take offs," while Miss All, as Miss Kernodle; Miss Newton, as Miss McCullers; Miss Alexander, as Miss George; and Miss Wilson, as Miss Watson were unparalleled bits of makeup and acting.

Dr. Wiley at the Normal

It was our privilege on the evening of January 27th to hear Dr. Harvey Wiley, of national fame as a fighter for pure food and better health conditions. Dr. Wiley said that a teacher's problems were discipline and teaching, but that the discipline was an unnecessary problem, for all badness was sickness, that is, mental or physical disorder. The art of living, said Dr. Wiley, should be the major study in the primary grades, making hygiene and the general health principles, the basis for other branches,

using homely, interesting simply scientific material to teach children reading, spelling and arithmetic.

The child should first be made a "good animal" by protection from contagious disease, ventilation and proper regulation of temperature, winter and summer, play, only slightly directed, sleep, the habit of being happy, and proper food—properly prepared and properly chewed. Here Dr. Wiley emphasized the care of the teeth as a fundamental of health and as part of this care he declared the

eating of whole cereals, not only for the valuable mineral content which, being found just under the husk, is discarded in the prepared cereals, but for the hardness which keeps the teeth in trim, so to speak. If these fundamentals were taught the child, instead of our "confusing and inconsistent" system of weights and measures, which

Dr. Wiley declared is of infernal origin, together with many non-essentials, the children of today would be made "good animals," and all other things would be added unto them, raising the standard of humanity and making the progress of successive generations a thing of wonder.

Y. W. C. A.

As we were not allowed to attend the church services down town on Sunday, January 6th, the Association arranged for a morning service at the college. Dr. Edward Mack, of Richmond, was the speaker at this time.

It is the custom each year for the four college classes to have charge of one Wednesday night vesper service. The first of these services was led by the Senior class on the night of January 10th.

On Wednesday, January 17th, the music committee gave a short song service which was a great pleasure to all present.

Dr. Charles Myers, of the First Presbyterian Church, of this city, gave us a very interesting talk Sunday, January 13, 1917.

On the following Sunday night, we were very glad to have Dr. Bain, of West Market Street Methodist Church with us. The Pilot Quartet sang at this time and was enjoyed very much.

The Junior class had charge of the vesper service on Wednesday, January 24, 1917. An especially attractive feature of this service was the processional, "Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart."

Athletic News

On account of the weather, the hockey tournament has been unusually late this year. All the preliminary games were played before Christmas and the tournament was to have taken place before we went home for the holidays. However, the frequent rains have repeatedly forced us to defer it. We are now waiting for the ground to become dry enough for us to have a most exciting tournament.

The Athletic Association has planned, for the remainder of this year, a number of hikes on Saturday afternoons and other suitable occasions. Some very pleasant ones were enjoyed last Thanksgiving, and we are looking forward to some more as soon as possible. We are also going to play

games at walking periods during the spring term. Ring games and others will be enjoyed by those who are so inclined, and we shall liven up walking period.

All this year the officers of the Athletic Association and a few others have been discussing plans for a tennis club. The plans are just about complete now, and a tennis rally will be held as soon as the weather permits. The object of the club is to produce better enthusiasm. It also intends to get the classes more interested in tennis, for eventually all the players in the tennis tournament will come from the club.

All those desiring to join the club will be tried out in the rally which is

to be held during the last week in February. The points which will be considered in choosing the club members are: 1. Service, including arm stretch, second service, accuracy, and speed. 2. Net playing. 3. General efficiency in placing, back hand stroke, handling of racket, alertness, vigor of strokes, covering court, and team work. The one who makes the highest number of points will be the tennis leader, and she who obtains the next highest number will be the secretary and treasurer of the club.

A small fee will be required so that the club may have its own balls, rackets, etc. The members will also be required to spend so many hours each week in practice, part of which time they will have a coach to help them. Then they too must coach other girls who are striving to belong to the club.

We are hoping that those outside of the club will show no less enthusiasm than the members, but will be constantly trying to become eligible for membership.

Plantin' Time

MARGARET GEORGE, '18, CORNELIAN

Hit's rained fer three days
 'N we ain't stirred outside
 Fer all that time.
 Hit jest suits granny's ways.
 She sets in the chimbly corner,
 'N thinks hit's prime.
 Pa, he sets 'n whittles
 'N doses, time about,
 'N cusses the rain.
 Ma says, "My lan', skittles!
 You all plumb glad to lazy
 An' that's plain!"

I ain't tho', I've 'bout had enough;
 I was glad at first, ye see, case
 Ye can't plant in the pourin' rain;
 But this here rain has called my bluff,
 I'd plow, er harrer, er I'd pull stumps
 Jest to git outen the house again.

ORGANIZATIONS

The Student Self-Government Association

Ruth Kernodle	President	Mabel Jarvis	Secretary
Estelle Dillon	Vice-President	Mary Howell	Treasurer

Marshals

Chief—Nahcy Stacy, Richmond County, Adelpkian

Cornelian

Norma Styron	Craven County
Alice Poole	Guilford County
Ruth Roth	Vance County
Nancy Porter	Mecklenburg County
Belle Bullock	Robeson County

Adelpkian

Frances Morris	Davie County
Elizabeth Moses	Orange County
Marianne Richards	Rowan County
Eva McDonald	Wayne County
Laura Sumner	Randolph County

Literary Societies

Adelpkian and Cornelian Societies—Secret Organizations

Senior Class

Norma Styron	President	Annie Simpson Pierson	Secretary
Sadie Fristoe	Vice-President	Sallie Conner	Treasurer
Hope Watson	Critic	Hattie Lee Horton	Cheer Leader

Junior Class

Madelyn Thompson	President	Jessie McKee	Treasurer
Mildred Ellis	Vice-President	Elizabeth Rountree	Critic
Leafie Spear	Secretary	Margaret George	Cheer Leader

Sophomore Class

Mary Lathrop	President	Elizabeth Hinton	Secretary
Marjorie Craig	Vice-President	Mary Bradley	Treasurer
Bessie Hoskins	Critic	Charlotte Cranford	Cheer Leader

Freshman Class

Willard Goforth	President	Marie Richards	Treasurer
Mary D. Murray	Vice-President	Dorothy Gill	Critic
Julia Cherry	Secretary	Minerva Jenkins	Cheer Leader

Y. W. C. A.

Louise Maddrey	President	Ruth Reade	Secretary
Minnie Long	Vice-President	Artelee Puett	Treasurer

Athletic Association

Annie Daniel President |

Gladys Emerson	Senior Vice-President	Clara Armstrong	Special Vice-President
Mary Moyle	Junior Vice-President	Gladys Murrill	Secretary
Allene Reid	Sophomore Vice-President	Elizabeth Thames	Treasurer
Annie Mae Pharr	Freshman Vice-President	Eliza Collins	Critic

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